

DELL

DEC.-FEB.

ALL BRAND-NEW STORIES

10¢

KING

of the Royal Mounted

A peaceful pow-wow
explodes with
"BULLETS AT BAD RIVER"



the Loon



All who know the wilderness lakes of Canada know the shrill, wild laughter of the LOON.

The Common Loon, or Great Northern Diver, is a powerful bird of two-and-a-half to three feet in length. The upper parts of his wings, tail, head and neck are black; the throat is streaked with white; the back and much of the wing is spotted with white; while the under parts are pure white. The strong legs are set far back — for swimming, not for walking — and the feet are webbed. Beneath the surface, they act as propellers, speedily driving the loon down to sixty feet below the surface, in pursuit of the fish on which he lives.

The loon breeds inland, at the edge of water, from California and New England, northward. Its laughter-like call is heard only at the breeding season, which is summer. In winter, loons take to the sea, fishing fairly near both the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. Their flight is strong and swift, but they cannot rise from land — and their water-take-off must be with a head wind.

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KING

of the Royal Mounted

FACES BULLETS
AT
BAD RIVER

ON A MISSION DEEP IN THE NORTHWESTERN "BUSH," SERGEANT KING IS
CAUGHT BY A DECEMBER STORM AT TWENTY BELOW ZERO.

SKOOKUM, WE'LL LOSE OUR WAY IN
BLIZZARD AND DARKNESS! WE'LL CAMP
TILL IT STOPS SNOWING!

SKOOKUM, A STRONG, LOCAL HORSE, KNOWS HOW TO
FIND HIS OWN SUPPER.

GRASS UNDER THE
SNOW! YOU SHOULD
MAKE OUT ALL RIGHT!

THIS IS A QUEREN ASSIGNMENT THAT
INSPECTOR MAC GAVE ME --- TO STOP A
THREATENED WAR BETWEEN BUSH INDIANS
AND A PIONEER CATTLE OUTFIT!

THE OLD "WILD WEST" HAS MOVED NORTH!
THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT! MAYBE BY
DAYLIGHT I CAN FIND TOM DEFFORD'S
RANCH.

BUT, IN THE SMALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT---







NEAR CLAY BRIVES SCATTERED JOHNNY'S HERD --- AND NOW THE SNOW HAS CLOSED THE PASS TO POCKET RANCH!

THAT MEANS---CROSSING BAD RIVER!

DAD-BLAMED IN JUNE! THEY'RE SURE STIRN' FOR TROUBLE THIS TIME!



TO ADVISE LEAVING YOUR RIFLE HERE, GEORGE?

THANKS, SERGEANT! WE'RE TAKING THEM, ALL THE SAME!

FOR THE NEXT QUARTER-HOUR, ORDERLY CONFUSION GRIPS THE RANCH.



HOLD UP!



THEN THE HIGGON PARTY IS OFF! YEP, WELL FOLK, BUT TIRED, RIDES ON THE JUMPER SLEIGH.

TOM DEFFORD LEADS THE WAY --- WITH KING!

REMEMBER, DEFFORD --- TO SHOOT AN INDIAN, EXCEPT IN SELF-DEFENSE, IS MURDER!

POOR!





MOUNTED ON FRESH HORSES, JOHNNY'S DONE-WEARY COWBOYS JOIN THE OTHERS,
PUSHING THE HUNGRY, UNWILLING COWS



IT'S FORTY° BELOW ZERO AND
GETTING COLDER! THE RIVER
SHOULD BE FROZEN HARD,
DEFFORD! EASY TO CROSS--

NOT BAD RIVER,
SERGEANT! RAPIDS
KEEP IT OPEN TILL
FEBRUARY!



AT LAST---

THERE'S THE ONLY FORD
ACROSS BAD RIVER, SERGEANT! THREE
TO FOUR FEET DEEP --- WITH A FALLS BELOW
THE RAPIDS!



HARD RIDING SUCCEEDS ONLY IN BUNCHING THE LEADING COWS
AT THE RIVER'S EDGE? BUT THERE IS HOPE UNTIL ---



YIP YIP! GET ON THERE!
WHOOP!

--- INDIANS BURST FROM THE TREES, WAVING
BLANKETS AND SCREECHING!



YI-EE! YA-HOO!
WHOO!







WATCH OUT, CHIEF! IF YOUR HORSE GOES DOWN---WITHOUT SHOES---

LIGHT YOUR WATCH!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW, BOSS? THE SERGEANT HAS A PRISONER!

PRISONER? I DON'T THINK SO, JOHNNY! THIS IS A NEW PLAY!



DEEDFOOD, CHIEF NEEHAK WILL AGREE TO HELP YOUR DRIVE TO THE RANCH FOR PAY! HE HAS COME TO TALK!

HUMPH! WHAT FIRST?



YOU PAY INDIANS ALL THE RIFLES YOU GOT HERE! YOU GIVE TWENTY COWS! YOU HIRE INDIANS FOR WORK ---



THAT'S ROBBERY --- AND YOU KNOW IT, NEEHAK! I MIGHT SETTLE FOR A FEW RIFLES AND TEN COWS --- BUT NO MORE!

THEN --- YOU NOT CROSS RIVER! INDIANS GET MUCH FROSTEN MEAT WHEN CATTLE DROP FROM COLD!





A FEW MOMENTS BEHIND KING, TOM DEFFORD HAS PLUNGED IN TO HELP WITH THE RESCUE ---

BYE! GO BACK!
YOU CAN'T HELP---

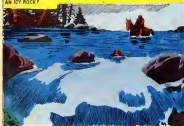


--- IF RESCUE THERE IS TO BE KING'S HORSE
SUDDENLY SLIPS ON THE STONY BOTTOM

WHA? EASY THERE, SKOOKUM!



---AND THE INJURED CHIEF IS BATTLING TO REACH HIS LAST HOPE---
AN Icy ROCK!



HE REACHES IT--- AND CLINGS TO IT
WITH THE STRENGTH OF DESPAIR!



CHIEF---CATCH IT! MY HORSE WON'T
GO ANY NEARER!



THE ROPE FALLS TRUE --- BUT SLIPS OFF Icy ROCK
AND ICE-COATED ARMS!



AS KING HAULES IN HIS EMPTY LOOP, STRONG JAWS SEIZE IT.

GYPSY LET GO! I CAN'T WAIT
TO PULL YOU IN---



BUT GYPSY IS NOT THINKING OF HIMSELF! WITH THE
ROPE FIRMLY GRIPPED, HE HEADS FOR NECHART



MOUTH--TO--MUZZLE, THE CHIEF AND GYPSY CLAMP ON!



WEIGHING HIS LOOP WITH HIS PISTOL, TOM DORFORD
PASSES IT UNDER THE STRUGGLING MAN AND DOG,
FROM BEHIND.



I HAVE 'EM---
NOW!

RRRR-UFF!

RIGHT HAND FIGHTS--
-- BUT I BITE, TOO!



ROPE THEM, SOMEHOW, DORFORD!
THEY CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER!

RIGHT,
DORFORD!





MEN OF THE WILDERNESS



**INSPECTOR
CECIL DENNY**

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IN THE LATE SUMMER OF 1908, INSPECTOR CECIL E. DENNY OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE ACCEPTED THE CHALLENGE OF TWO UNTAMED WILDERNESS RIVERS, THE FINLAY AND THE PEACE.



HIS CANOE WAS A SLENDER OGDUT MADE FROM A TWO-FOOT-THICK POPLAR LOG. ITS TWENTY-FOOT LENGTH WAS KEPT FROM SINKING OR TIPPING BY TWO LIGHT POLES, ONE LASHED TO EACH SIDE.



HIS COMPANIONS AT FORT GRAHAM, BRITISH COLUMBIA, HARDLY EXPECTED TO SEE HIM AGAIN! THEY KNEW THE WILD FINLAY RAPIDS --- AND THE MORE TREACHEROUS "PAULET-PASS".



EVEN ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE LONG TRIP THE RIVER WAS DANGEROUS --- WITH COUNTLESS DEAD SNAGS READY TO RIP OUT THE OGDUT'S THIN BOTTOM.



TOWARD EVENING, DENNY STOPPED IN A QUIET EDDY TO CATCH A FEW FISH, WHICH BIT HUNGRILY AT HIS SIMPLE TACKLE.



HE DRILLED THEM OVER COALS RAKED FROM A GOOD-SIZED FIRE --- WHILE THE BIG, BLACK NORTHERN WOLVES SERENADED HIM.



THAT NIGHT THE WOLF PACK CAME CLOSE TO THE MOUNTIE'S LONELY CAMP! MORE THAN ONCE HE SAW THEIR EYES REFLECTING THE FIRELIGHT.



WHEN THEY CAME TOO NEAR, HE WOULD TOSS MORE WOOD INTO HIS FIRE --- AND THE CIRCLE OF EYES WOULD RETREAT BRIEFLY! WHETHER THEY SAW HIM AS A MEAL OR AS A CURIOSITY, DENNY NEVER KNEW.



TWO DAYS LATER, HE STOPPED AT A CAMP OF INDIAN TRAPPERS. . .



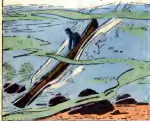
--- AND HIRED SOME OF THEM TO HELP HIM LOWER HIS CANOE PAST THE WILD AND ROCKY FISHLAY RAPIDS, WHERE NO PADDLED CANOE COULD STAY Afloat.



IT WAS Nearly a week later when Denny's worst surprise came --- without any warning noise, a round a bend the fierce current gave no chance for escape!



THEN HE WAS DIVERTED UNDER --- CLEAR TO THE BOTTOM --- BY THE FORCE OF THE WATERFALL.



BUT MILE AFTER MILE OF FOAMING, BRUISE RAPIDS STRETCHED AHEAD --- WITH NO CHANCE OF EVEN REACHING THE CANOE.



SUDDENLY THE RIVER DROPPED OUT FROM BENEATH HIS LITTLE CRAFT! HE LOOKED BACK AND UP AT A WRITERY CURTAIN!



SOMEHOW BOTH CANOE AND CARGO SURVIVED UNDAUNAGED! WITH MOUNTING THOROUGHNESS, DENNY HAD TIED EVERYTHING IN --- AND THE POLE FLOATS KEPT HIM FROM OVERTURNING.



BY THE TIME HE WAS ABLE TO LAND, IT WAS SHOWING! BUT DENNY'S MATCHES WERE IN A WATERPROOF CONTAINER, AND THERE WAS PLENTY OF FIREWOOD.



DAY FOLLOWED DAY, AS BENNY DRIFTED THROUGH BREATHTAKING MOUNTAIN SCENERY TOWARD THE ALBERTA BORDER. ONCE HE WAS NEARLY CAUGHT IN A WHIRLPOOL.



... AND MORE THAN ONCE WOLVES HOWLING FOR THE KILL ... DROVE A DOOMED MOOSE INTO THE WATER NEAR HIS DANCE.



AT LAST HE REACHED THE PORTAGE, AROUND ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANYON --- AND THERE ABANDONED HIS CRAFT. IT TOOK HIM NEARLY THREE DAYS TO PACK HIS SUPPLIES.



AT HUDSON HOPE HE BUILT A STURDY RAFT FOR THE REST OF HIS TRIP. FOR THE MISTY PEACE RIVER WOULD LIVE UP TO ITS NAME, FROM HERE ON.



FOR TEN DAYS --- WHICH WERE BROKEN BY TWO OVERNIGHT STOPS, AND A DAY OF REST --- THE RAFT MOVED AT THE PACE OF THE CURRENT.



--- AND FINALLY INSPECTOR GERRY BROUGHT IT TO LAND AT THE TRADING STORE AND MOUNTED POLICE POST AT PEACE RIVER CROSSING --- HIS HISTORIC JOURNEY FINISHED.



TRADER'S TRICKS

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Indian Agent Bill Carson sat at the controls of the borrowed patrol launch as he sped northward toward the Indian camp. Bill had been ordered to investigate a report that Slade, an unscrupulous trader, had been trading cheap watches, rings and other trinkets for the Indians' amusement instead of the ammunition, traps and other necessary things that they needed to survive. Slade had been taken off the Traders Register in Ottawa but there was no law against his activities, so Bill had been ordered to investigate.

Bill saw the Indian village up ahead and Slade's trading boat tied up to the shore. Quickly, Bill drew close to shore, jumped from his boat and tied up to the shore. Turning, Bill saw Chief Black Elk coming to meet him. Seeing the Chief wearing a new watch, several rings and many necklaces, Bill knew that Slade had won the loyalty of the Chief with cheap gifts.

"It is good to see our friend again," the Chief spoke solemnly.

"I'm sorry to see that the Chief has been fooled by one who cheats your people," Bill said sharply to him. "He trades useless things for their hard-earned furs and you as Chief do not stop this. Is this the way of a Chief?"

"The trader Slade brings us gifts and things to make our life happier. He is our friend," the Chief retorted angrily. "If he is bad why do the Red Jockets not arrest him?"

Bill could not answer this for it would be hard to make the Chief understand. With Black Elk on Slade's side, it would take all of Bill's ingenuity to accomplish his mission. Bill walked angrily up to the campfire where Slade was talking to the Indians.

"Hello Slade. I see that you're up to your old tricks!"

"Tricks, yes. But they're all legal, Carson. So you can't do a thing about it."

Bill watched futilely as Slade did some

fancy sleight-of-hand tricks. He turned inwardly as an Indian brought an armful of fur pelts and was given in exchange a cheap, flashy wrist watch and a few bright necklaces for his squaw. Bill saw many more Indians bring the furs that had taken a whole winter's work, to be exchanged for rings or other cheap trinkets. Angry at himself for letting this happen, Bill ran to Slade's side.

"Stop bringing your furs here to trade for this junk," Bill yelled angrily to the Indians. "It will not put food in your stomachs when winter returns!"

Chief Black Elk strode before Slade and Bill. "The trader Slade brings gifts, the agent Carson brings only talk. We will listen to Slade," the Chief solemnly declared to his hushed tribesmen.

Slade stepped forward and spoke to the gathering.

"Every year I bring you gifts. Now I will give you ALL my wonderful gifts. Will you bring me all your furs to show that you are as generous as I am?" Slade smiled as the Indians looked in wonder at his trunk filled with cheap but flashy trade goods and then ran to get all their furs.

Bill turned in disgust and went to the launch. Slade had used cheap tricks to undo all of Bill's good work among the Indians. Suddenly Bill looked into the locker of the launch and smiled as he took out a tube and returned to the camp. Bill put the tube into the fire in the gathering twilight and then spoke.

"WAIT! I have great magic too. If the trader Slade is honest, he has nothing to fear. If he cheats you, then the evil spirit will rise into the sky to light up his crime and give you a sign that he is your enemy!" Bill saw that every eye was upon him as he walked away from the fire to Slade's side. Suddenly, a great red flash rose into the sky from the fire and burst. The Indians jobbered in fear as Bill held up his hand to quiet them.

"The spirit has spoken. Slade is evil. He must leave now without your furs!" Bill watched Slade run for his boat to escape the angry Indians. Gingerly, Bill picked a burnt tube out of the fire, and smiled as he read the words "SIGNAL FLARE" on it.

KING

of the Royal Mounted

AND THE RIDDLE OF TETAWNIE

SENT TO INVESTIGATE A SERIES OF NEAR-FATAL MISHAPS, WHICH HAVE CLAIMED PIONEER RANGERS AND INDIANS, SERGEANT KING IS FOLLOWING A GREY SLICE, MOOS-TOOS, WHEN ---



BYING AT SOMETHING HEARD OR SMELLED IN THE "GUSH", BOTH HORSES LOSE THEIR FOOTING.





WITH A SOUND LIKE A GIANT'S SNIG, THE SNOW-CON-
NOCE BREAKS LODGE FROM THE MOUNTAIN'S FACE
AND SLIPS DOWNWARD -- --



-- -- GATHERING SNOW AND MOMENTUM AS IT ROARS
DOWN THE SLOPE -- -- A MIGHTY AVALANCHE!



JUST AS IT STRIKES THE CABIN, THE DOOR BURSTS
OPEN!



UP WITH YOU,
TRAVIS!

THANKS, MOUNTIE!



SHE'S STOPPED! BURNED
MY CABIN, BUT LEFT
MY BARN!





YOU'RE WELCOME TO THE HOSPITALITY OF MY BARN, GENTS --- BUT IT WILL BE COLD.



HERE ARE SHOVELS! AND THERE'S ENOUGH DAYLIGHT LEFT FOR US TO DIG! WE MIGHT FIND YOUR CABIN STILL STANDING!

WELL! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, SERGEANT! WE'LL TRY



AS DARKNESS SETTLES ---

HERE'S MY STOVEPIPE! I'LL STRAIGHTEN IT OUT, AND ---

MOOS-TOOS AND I WILL DIG OUT YOUR DOOR! --- ENOUGH TO GET IN!



AN HOUR LATER ---

MOOSE MEAT STEW AND BOILED BEANS! FILL YOUR PLATES, GENTS! BISCUITS COMING UP!

THE STEW SMELLS FINE, TRAVIS!



YOU SAY YOU FOLLOWED THOSE BIG BEAR TRACKS, TRAVIS... HOW FAR?

COUPLE OF MILES, SERGEANT! THEN THEY VANISHED --- AMONG SOME WHITE POPLARS NEAR THE FOOT OF A CLIFFY PLUMB SPOOKY!



INDIAN FAMILIES ARE CLEARING OUT OF TETONIAN BASIN --- SCARED! MAYBE THEY'RE RIGHT ABOUT A "SPIRIT BEAR"! BET WE FIND HIS FRESH TRACKS AROUND --- EVEN IF HE DIDN'T START THAT AVALANCHE!

THE NEXT MORNING---

SO YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE
A TRY AT TRACKING THE
TERROR, SERGEANT?

YES, TRAVIS!
MOOS-TOOS AND I
WILL PICK UP THE
TRACKS WE SAW
YESTERDAY.



SEE? SPIRIT BEAR
TRAIL, OF, KING!
LOOK---

TRACKS HERE?

I TOLD YOU
SO!



BEAR PASS BARN?
GO INTO BUSH!

HE WASN'T AFTER
THE HORSES, THEN!



TRAVIS, MAY WE BORROW
TWO FRESH HORSES FROM
YOUR Ours ARE PRETTY
TIRED ...

OF COURSE, KING!
I KEEP TWO IN
THE BARN, ALL
WINTER!



TWO HOURS LATER---

UGH! BEAR TRACKS TURN
---CROSS CREEK, AHEAD!



THAT CREEK ICE IS TOO THIN TO
RISK THE HORSES ON, MOOS-TOOS!
WE'LL HAVE TO GO AFOOT---







WITH HIS BINOCULARS, HE BEGINS SCANNING EVERY OPENING IN THE BUSH---EVEN THE CLIFFS HALF A MILE AWAY! IT TAKES TIME

THERE'S A CHANCE I MIGHT SPOT SOMETHING FROM HERE ---



AT LAST---

SOMETHING MOVING
---AT THE BASE
OF THAT LEDGE---



THE "SOMETHING" TURNS OUT TO BE A BULL CARIBOU, EMERGING FROM SOME TREES.



SLOWLY, A TAWNY SHARK HURTLES DOWN AT HIM FROM THE LEDGE.



THE BULL GOES DOWN, THRASHING



---AND A MOMENT AFTERWARDS A BEAR LOPES UP TO JOIN THE BATTLE!



BUT THE BULL LURCHED UP, SWINGING ITS ANTLERS---AND CATCHING THE BEAR IN THE MIDRIFT!



EVIDENTLY THE BLOW DID DAMAGE! FOR THE BEAR SUDDENLY SEEMS TO LOSE INTEREST IN THE KILL.



---AND BLUNDERS AWAY INTO THE TREES!



IF ANY MAN TOLD ME HE HAD SEEN WHAT I'VE JUST SEEN, I WOULDN'T BELIEVE HIM! A BEAR AS BIG AS THAT--- WHIPPED BY A DINING CARIBOU!



I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THE TRACKS THAT ONE MADE!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER---

THE COUGAR HAS GONE, TOO--- MUST HAVE HEARD OR SCENTED ME COMING!





AROUND A BEND A LARGE CAVE ROOM OPENED

WELL! BEARS DON'T BUILD FIRES
--OR PAL WITH COBBLES!



ODD ONE FURROW!

CAN I HELP YOU,
MY FRIEND?



HOW BADLY ARE YOU
HURT?

KISS-- BROODS--
IMMMH! HURTS!-- TO
--BREATHE?



THESE STRIPS OF DEERSKIN ARE
NOT DOCTOR'S TAPE, BUT THEY
SHOULD HELP* AND I THINK YOU
HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO!

I FANCY SO!
THE GANG'S UP!
I'M DERICK
MELVIN...



DERICK JOHN MELVIN---YOUNGEST
SON OF THE LATE SIR ROBERT
MELVIN OF NISSEX, ENGLAND*
ALL OF THE BEAR! MOUNTED HAVE
BEEN WARNED TO LOOK FOR YOU!

I KNOW,
SERGEANT!
END OF
THE TRAIL!







High atop a mountain they found a prehistoric paradise – Only to discover that it was ruled by a giant ape . . .
"THE TYRANT OF THE MESA."

Read **TUROK**, son of stone

AT YOUR FAVORITE DELL COMICS DEALER



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

Herschel Island

Herschel, just off the northern Yukon coast, is about as far removed from a South Sea island paradise as one could imagine. Its inhabitants are Eskimos—and, for short periods during the year, the crews of visiting ships.

Herschel has no trees and few bushes of any size. Wild grass covers parts of its rocky, thin soil in summer; ice and snow in winter.

Around the turn of the century, Herschel Island was an important port for whale and walrus hunters from the United States. These whalers maintained a warehouse on the island, where they unloaded their ivory during the summer months when the Arctic ocean is fairly free of ice. When freeze-up approached, the ships got out in a hurry; but usually one or more were caught and frozen in for the winter. Their crews had a dreary time of it until Spring came—for the nearest settlement of white people lay four hundred miles to the south. At that time, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police maintained no regular post on the island; and crimes were rather common among the native population. A brave missionary and his wife improved the situation.

A few years after World War I, a Mounted Police Headquarters was in operation on Herschel, and the Inspector in charge had to fulfill the duties of Customs Officer, Justice of the Peace and Coroner, as well as Policeman. In the absence of a doctor, he gave such assistance to sick and injured as he could.



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A PLEDGE



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the
happy way
to start
the day



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little sugared corn puffs
nourishing and crisp

